

**ABBATH-DAY READING.**

**THY WAY.**

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!  
Although I beg my own;  
Heed not the cry of the wretch,  
But the soul's undertone.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!  
This is my spirit's choice;  
Though sturdy sinners tread of present good,  
Drowns all with deafening voice.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!  
For let me tread the proof;  
Thou answerest my prayer, put me to  
For some divine behoof.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!  
Until my life attests  
That just the will of God Thy will  
Is, of all gifts, the best.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!  
And, O my soul, take care  
To have Thy daily way with me,  
In keeping with Thy prayer!  
—Charlotte F. Burdett, in *Congregationalist*.

**HAPPINESS IN THE HOME.**

*Precious Possession and How It May Be Retained.*—Christian Love and Principle the Best and Most Enduring Foundation.

Usually, if we have a precious possession we do not hold it lightly. It is a case, a gem, a picture, a flower; it cost labor and trouble, care and expense to bring it to the adornment of our homes, and we are conscious of its value, and solicitous that it shall neither be marred nor mislaid. It is the tangible evidence of a part of our wealth, and we show how much we prize it by our tenderness in its handling, by the protection we bestow upon it, and the manner in which we display it to our friends.

There is an intangible and precious thing which is more a part of our personal wealth, but which is held by a far more sacred and less easily parted from. It is the less easy of definition than that by which we own our material possessions. I refer to our home happiness. Every household should be happy. Where, instead of a noisy, quarrelsome, and restless household, there is a peaceful, happy, and contented one, there is a true and lasting source of blessing to the world.

Even in the Christian household it is well not to take too much for granted. There are husbands and wives who are loyal to each other's slightest interests, who make daily sacrifices for each other's benefit, and who still have so alien an odor of the habit of sweet, love-like domestication, of day-dreting and day-dreting, of the complacency that they would blush and grow embarrassed should they happen to indulge in what might be the every-day fashion and habit of their lives. Is there anything so sacred and so precious as the love of husband and wife, the manner of husband to the wife who has been his life's partner for half that life, or to hear that acerbity of the tones, and see oldness in the looks of a wife, who should know her good man well to his love and temper to so trying a test.

Our babies get their full share of kisses and petting, bless their dear little faces and helpless hands and feet. An angel's utterance of tenderness and love claims on every heart. But many a growing lad and lass, quite beyond the rettily interesting season of infancy, arrived at the awkward age of betwixt and between, when impulse is eager, and the heart is full of love, and the confidence is overbold, and temptations strong, would be better for more of love's expression in the home. We can not err in being too affectionate.

If love be made a daily ministrant to the heart, it will be so to the soul, to the aged pilgrim, whose way has grown lonely, whose life has taken on the neutral tints of sober eve, and to whom, by reason of infirmity, the grasshopper is a burden. Even if old and young, the heart is so full of love, as sometimes it is, youth and strength should be patient and gentle.

The happiness of home is conserved by perfect openness as to the style of living which may be necessary to the preservation of the peace and contentment of the household, which is managed in a simple, quiet, and unobtrusive manner, a style which, though not extravagant, which keeps somebody wakeful at night, which is a terrible strain to maintain honestly, is managed in a mischievous and unbecoming manner, and plain furnishing than ample space and everlasting wrong. Better the simplest viands on the table than the opulence of a bill at the butcher's and the fact of an increasing account with the grocer and the butcher and the baker. Better the dress of calico than the silken gown, if silk crowd out mental comfort and weave itself into wrinkles on the brow.

Home happiness is often imperiled by incessant fault-finding. A chronic fault-finder in the house is as pitiless as a hail-storm, and he or she blights the plants of affection as surely as a frost destroys the blossoms. Unfortunately, the fault-finder is the young people live in dread of Aunt Mary or Uncle John, of papa or mamma, who are not only never satisfied, but who seem to think that duty demands that they shall rave and snap a whip over the heads of the good children who are content with any of us perceive in ourselves the faint beginnings of a fault-finding disposition, we should fight against and repress it with all our strength.

Home happiness is enlarged when the heart is not taking any of the wrong more directly educational to children than frequent presence of honored and beloved guests, who bring with them a pleasant breeze from the outer world and break the usual routine by introducing new topics, new ideas, new excursions into new fields of thought. The amenities of life, which should not be overlooked or slighted when the family by itself, are seldom forgotten when there is company under the roof, and the heart is ever open to the generous politeness is a social lubricator.

The best, most enduring home happiness is founded upon Christian love and principle, and that is the sweetest earthly habitation in which Jesus is owned, and whose rules are—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Interior.*

**The Test.**

The true test of Christian zeal is not our feelings of the annual protracted meeting, when revival power is upon pastor and people. A little later on, when the ebb-tide has set in and you are called upon to say what you are willing to give and do for the spread of the Gospel, then comes the test. The zeal that flashes forth and then dies away, leaving no more beyond than before, is not worth much. The Jew on complained that his hand was almost shaken off and his hair shorn off or mementoes by people who gave nothing and cared nothing for foreign missions.—*Religious Herald.*

The aching head may cease to throb when laid upon that softest pillow for human pain—"God knows!"